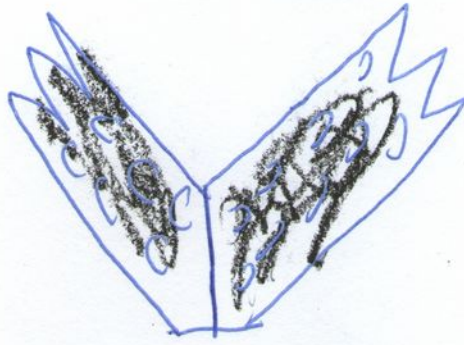


A Book: vignettes

By: Leena-Maaretta Dixon



once on an air plane

I gazed outside of the window to see the angels

I had heard about from school

since all I saw were clouds, I grabbed my mother's arm and said:

// Aiti, where are the angels? //

// oh sweetheart, they live so high up in the sky that you can't see them from a plane's window //

My mother said smoothly.


If I would have been a more clever and smarter child, I would have then asked:

// How come those satellites out in space can't find any angels? //






The animals shall not eat

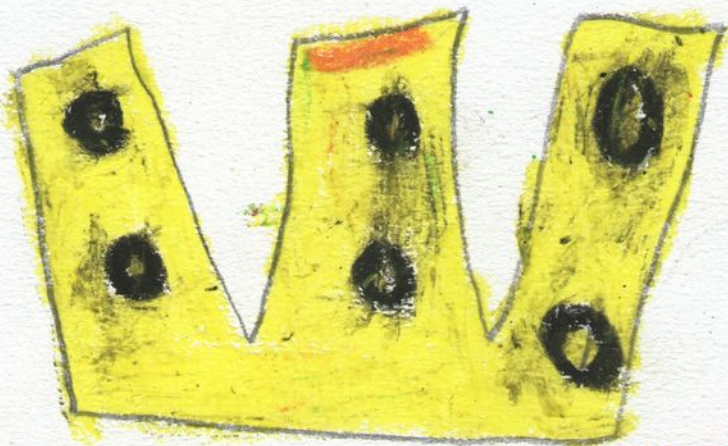



At the age of eight
I heard of the game //War Hammer//
It was a fantasy game with monsters
and warlocks
I was absolutely fascinated by the
game

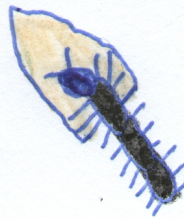
The papers said it was made for boys
All the players interviewed were boys
So I dared not to tell anyone about
my interest

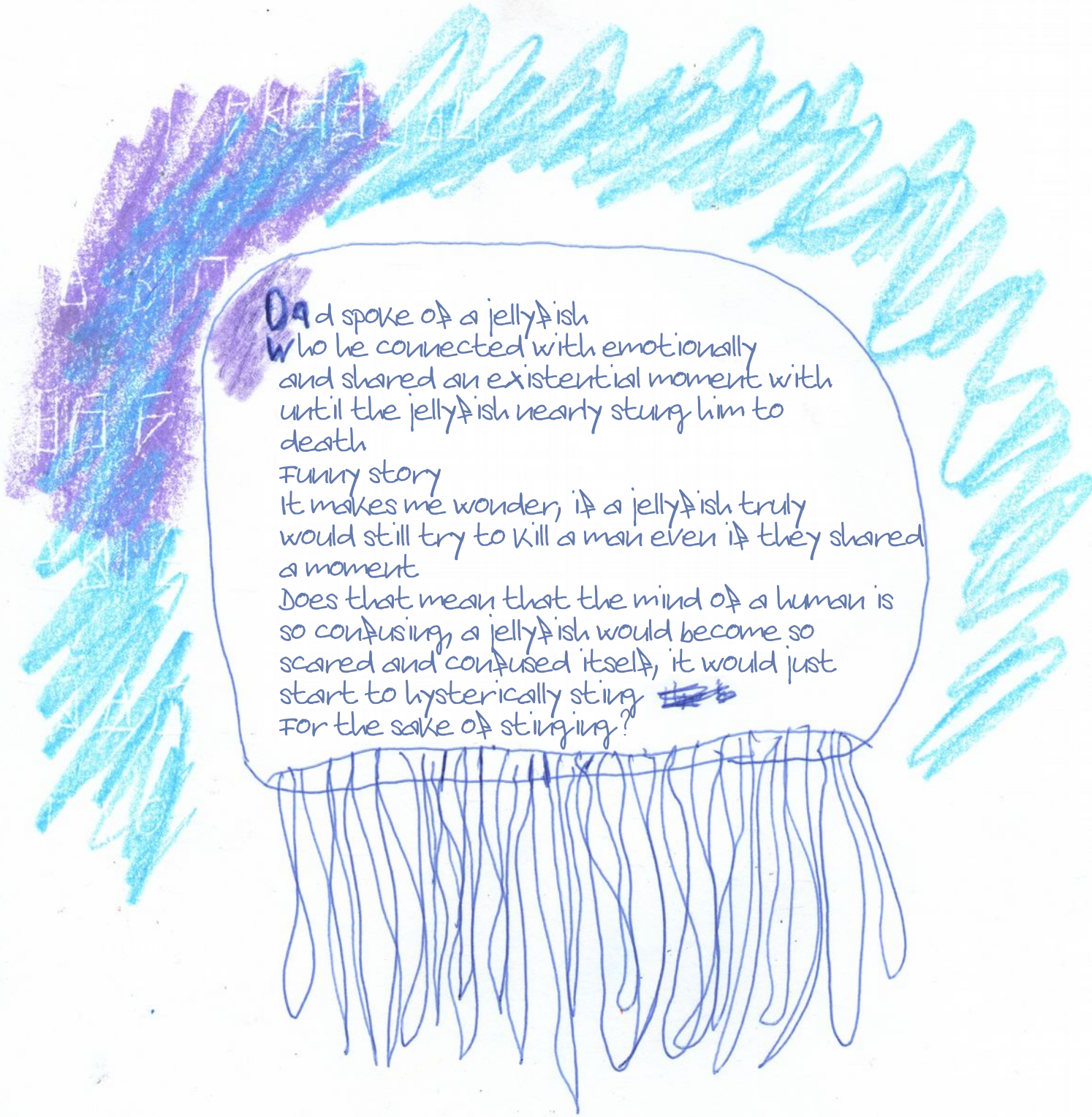


Instead I studied the figures
presented in the windows
and read magazines about the game
asked questions to my male friends
years later, when I was nineteen
I told my father about that time
//I wished you would have told me//
Dad expressed, //I would have bought you
some figures and played with you//
//I know that// I replied.
I just lacked the courage to go
against the papers.



An ant carries food three times its size
constantly tripping
The food is for the queen only
A common ant knows that if someone wants
to squish them, it must let it happen
The queen is the only important one
An ant continues to trip





Dad spoke of a jellyfish
who he connected with emotionally
and shared an existential moment with
until the jellyfish nearly stung him to
death

Funny story

It makes me wonder, if a jellyfish truly
would still try to kill a man even if they shared
a moment

Does that mean that the mind of a human is
so confusing, a jellyfish would become so
scared and confused itself, it would just
start to hysterically sting ~~itself~~
for the sake of stinging?

Finland is so cold they say
Finland is so rainy
The winter is so long and
chilly, the summer lacking
sun
But I found great beauty
in this
non -
Perfect
weather

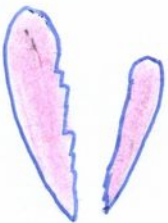
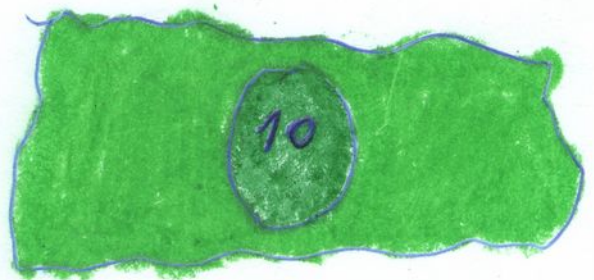


There is such grace
when the rain hits the
evergreen, thirsty grass

once on a February day
I mentioned to my mother that
valentine's Day was coming up
so I asked her what she wanted
for a valentine's Day gift
She answered frankly:
"I want a new life"

I sighed and explained to her calmly
that you can't buy a new life from
the store, so couldn't she ask for a
more material gift?

Mother said, again calmly,
"You can buy a new life if you try"
But how could a seven year old get enough
money to buy so much?



(Plagiarized idea!)
↙





Made for the Kitchen
Ended up as art

The flies are still doing it
Dots making more dots
In public without shame

I rudely interrupt them by walking
~~then~~ pass their ritual

I look back at them and ask the same
question, I asked the empty bed at home:
Did I sabotage something?



While reading Mika Waltari's "The Egyptian",
I grew curious about hot water.

More specifically, since the main character kept
threatening his slave that he would "throw hot
water on his toes" I wondered why that threat
was effective.

So, I gathered some hot water in a washing room
and poured it on my toes.

All answers were given!

Z Z Z

I woke up in the middle of the night to my mother yelling. After listening closely, I heard that it was about me:

- She keeps talking about these books! And she's TRYING TO FORCE ME TO READ THESE BOOKS! Mum cried in horror.
 - She's just found something she's interested in, Dear. And of course she wants to talk about them, Dad said in a calming voice.
- I turned in my bed, feeling a little hurt but sleepy.

I was walking back to school from gym
Two boys from my class ran up to me
and started following me
with a great grin they both informed me:
"You're a girl. So suck our dicks"
I calmly smiled and answered:
"you two are boys. So suck my clit"

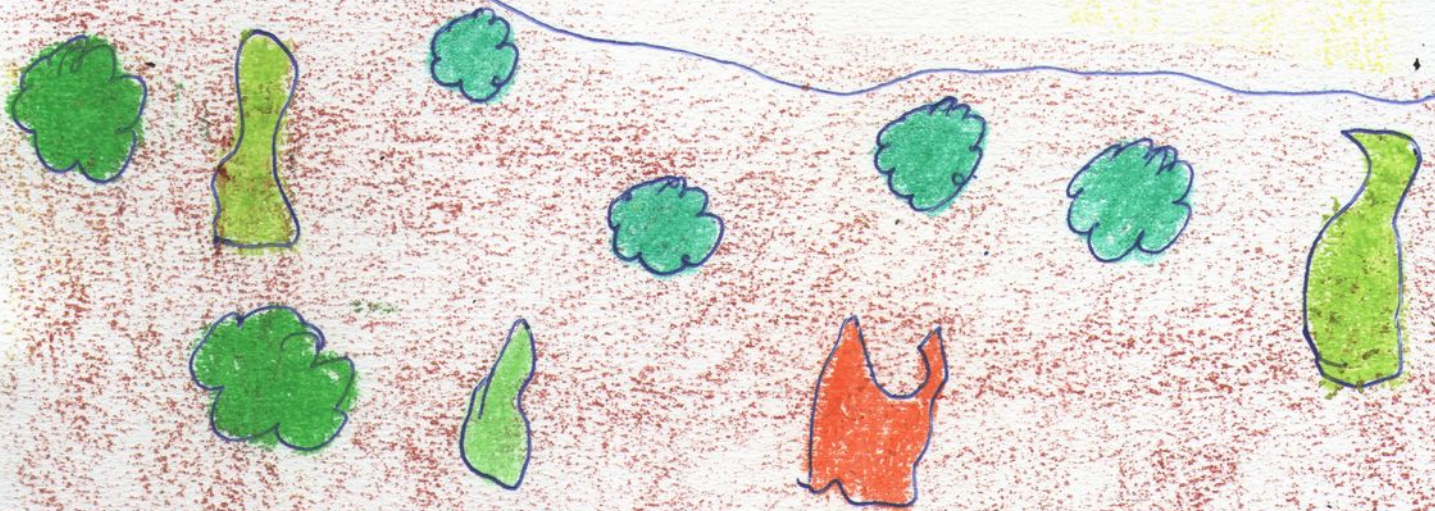


After the boys figured out that "clit"
was slang for clitoris,
they continued following and asking me
if I had boyfriend or had ever had one.
I never got rid of them

Holding on the leaf for dear life
A Butterfly must hunt for flowers
restlessly flapping its wings in fear
such a short, anxious, life...



I feel so dizzy
looking at the bright sky
my head spins at the landscape
of the bushes that shake
I swing away the fly
and realize I should close
the window.



The door to the guest room at my grandmother's place was always open.

I could be in there by myself as long as I wanted, but the door remained open.

I never gave this any thought

until one night, at fifteen, I thought having some privacy at night might be pleasant.

So I took a hold of the knob to the never used door and closed it.

It worked!

So when it was bed time I made my bed and closed the door.

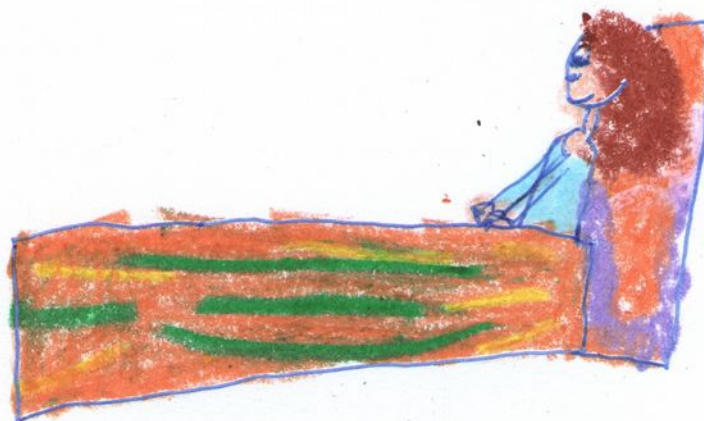
It was about eleven and half an hour had passed since I closed the door.

All of a sudden, it flung open and my grandmother barged in, saying:

"Oh so you've actually LOCKED the door, dear?"

she said it happily, loudly and suspiciously

"Yeah" I said, "I just tho - it was just a thought" ... grandma left without closing the door.



I was relieved.

For I had been able to close my legs quick enough.



- You're getting older \angle , and you have to truly think about things, K said to me one summer.

We were sitting on the lawn by his and his husband's summer house. I had eagerly told him about all the books I planned on reading to get inspired to write myself.

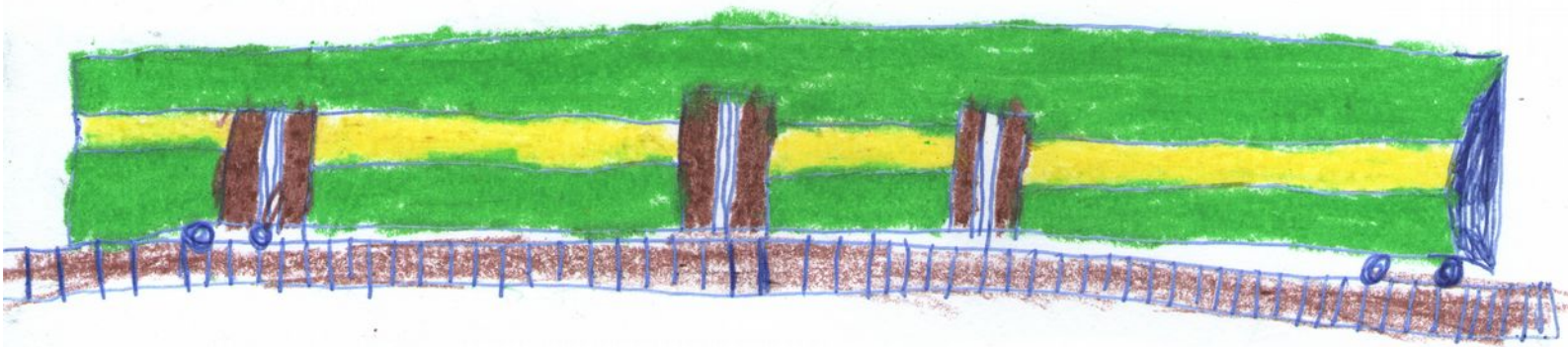
K had other plans and ideas for me:

- If you give your life to Art, you'll have nothing. you'll get nowhere, \angle . You'll have a better life if you decide and give your life to and work with porn!

I blinked.

- Well, K., your husband has worked with Literature-Art his whole life. And as I look around here, I can safely say he did ok despite his choice.





I was walking down to the "Tunnelbana" (subway train) station dressed up for the social event to come. Two young boys driving around on scooters. They began asking me about my life so I tried to ignore them.

One of them who couldn't be older than twelve followed me into the waiting train and sat opposite of me after I had found a place to sit down. He started asking for a hug, which I refused. He then switched to questions of a date or kiss. I got up to change places.

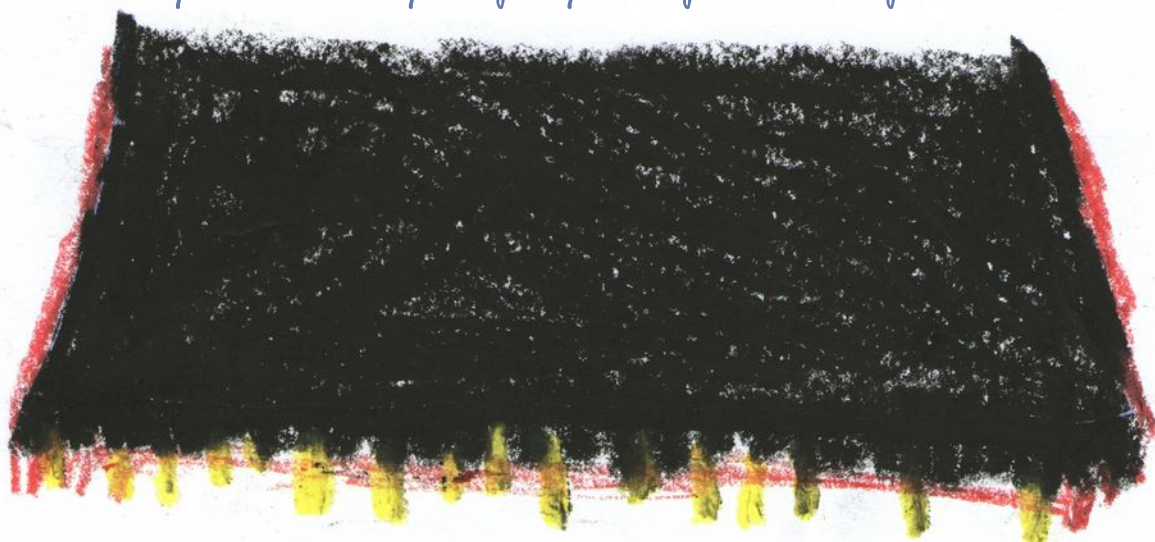
As I walked past the boy, he started to grab me from my behind, and he grabbed me aggressively since I was eighteen, I felt like I couldn't do anything about the situation or the twelve year old boy.

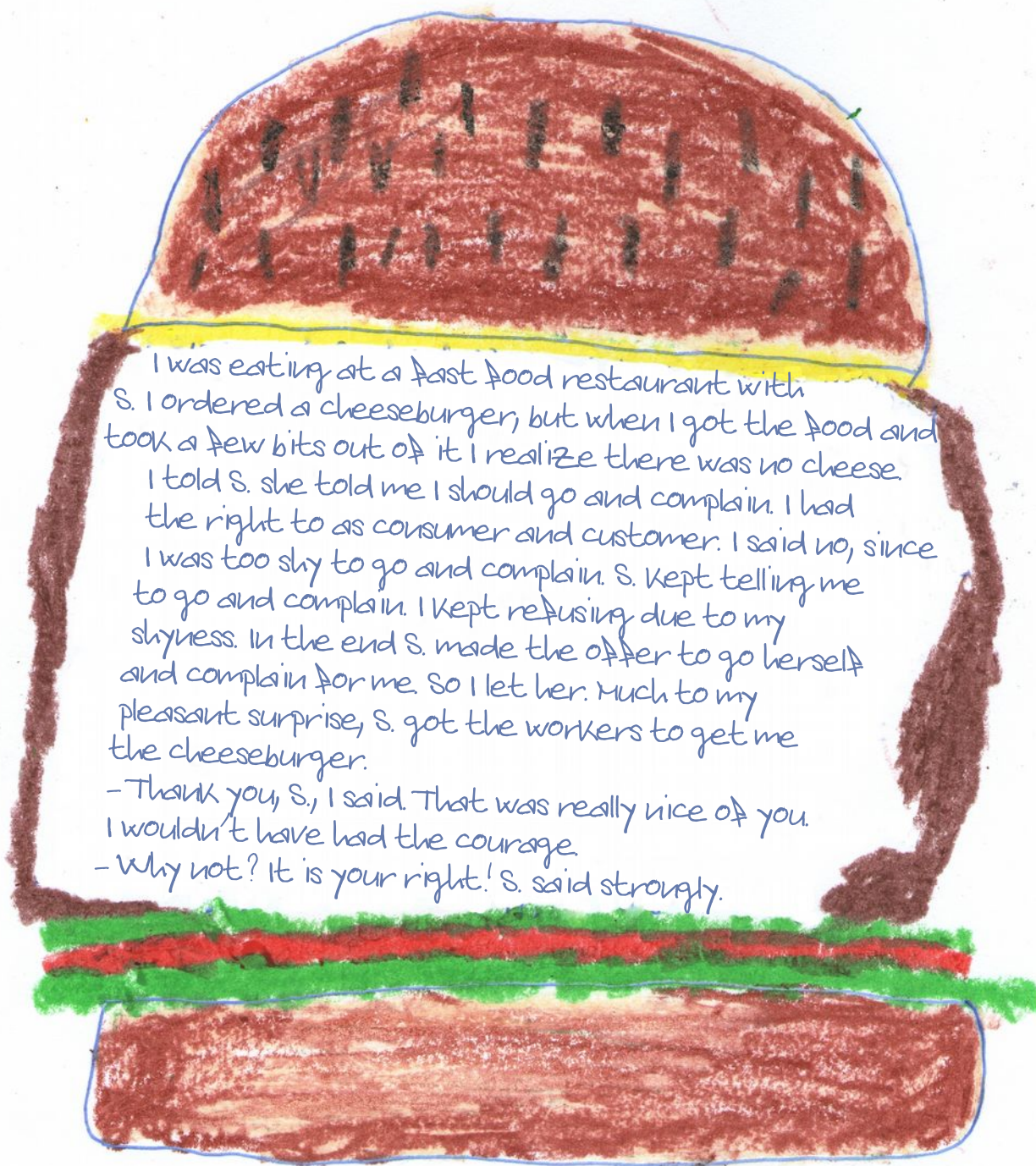
So I ran towards a seat that was next to a forty year old woman.

I sat next to her, shaken up and depressed from the event.

The woman looked at me and asked: "Are you going somewhere nice?"

"Yeah" I answered, happy to know I was safe now. Pity for such a young boy doing such things...





I was eating at a fast food restaurant with S. I ordered a cheeseburger, but when I got the food and took a few bits out of it I realize there was no cheese.

I told S. she told me I should go and complain. I had the right to as consumer and customer. I said no, since I was too shy to go and complain. S. kept telling me to go and complain. I kept refusing due to my shyness. In the end S. made the offer to go herself and complain for me. So I let her. Much to my pleasant surprise, S. got the workers to get me the cheeseburger.

- Thank you, S., I said. That was really nice of you. I wouldn't have had the courage.

- Why not? It is your right! S. said strongly.



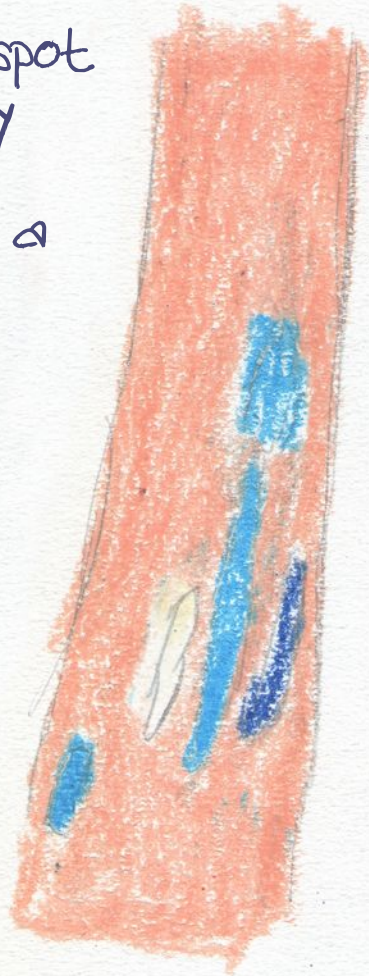
I asked me :

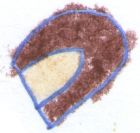
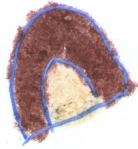
- Hey & since you're a feminist, answer me this: Is it true women find men who wash dishes sexy?

Instead of asking how I could possibly know this, I answered sardonically:

- Heavens, no! We prefer it if the men just buy us a dish washing machine!

The paint on the back
of my leg
is blue with the shape of spot
Even if I showered today
the spots remained
For now I accept them as a
part of my skin
I have often dreamed of
having blue spots on
my skin



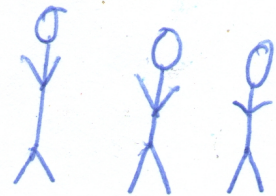


When studying religion in high school,
the question of what a human being
is came up. I had a direct answer:

- A human being is a Homo Sapiens Sapiens
- Y., a boy in my class who didn't believe in evolution, got quite upset and asked in a rage:
- Is that so? And what the hell is a Homo Sapi-an sapien?

I replied:

- A result of evolution
- Y. tried to protest, but my teacher cut him off and asked for a more spiritual answer to his question.



A Dream I Had

I just happened to meet N., a boy I used to know from the library, at the store that day.

In my dreams, I attempted to seduce him
I begged him

I flirted with him

I dragged him to my home

convinced him into my room.

After I got undressed he told me

I was hideous

He left me alone to weep

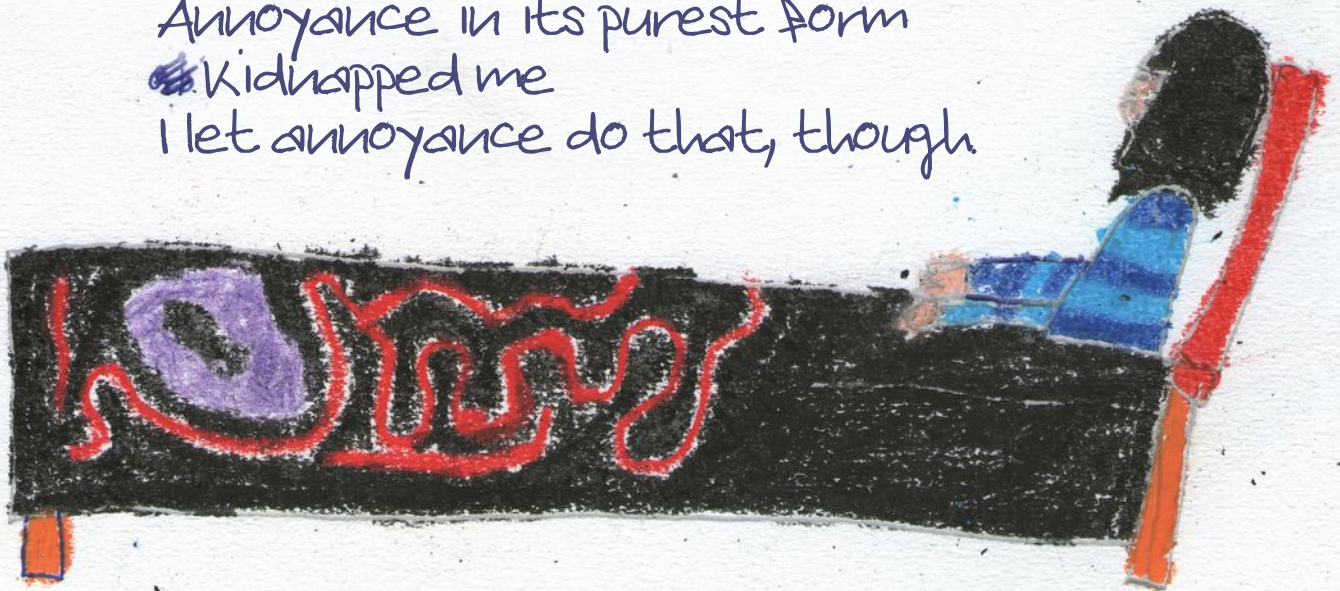
Failure is hard to grasp

When the dream was finished,


Annoyance in its purest form

~~he~~ kidnapped me

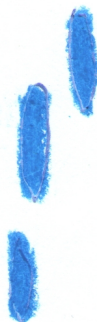
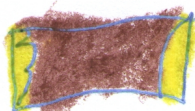
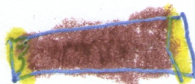
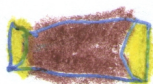
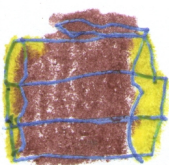
I let annoyance do that, though.



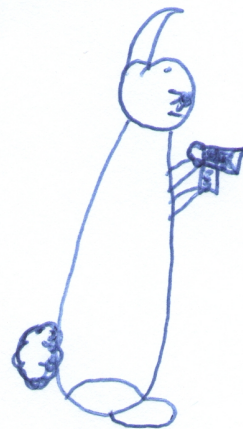
I didn't want to admit how
scared I had been at the end part.



I had a fight with my mother.
About what, can't remember.
We were piling wood, but had
stopped to fight.
My mother told me to be quiet,
so I was.
As she worked, I offered to help.
She said no, just leave.
I insisted on helping her.
Any task
She said no.
I said: "Please, let's forget about the
fight, I really want to help out."
Then mother yelled:
"No! Get out of here before I
hit you!"
I turned to leave, tears running down
my face.
Father saw me and went to talk to
my mother.
But it's all okay really, I thought,
if atonement is not an option then
you just do something else.



- So, what did you do during your religion class today? I asked v.
- I did research on the S church, v replied.
- Ah! And what did you discover? Any conclusions?
- They have not the slightest idea of what they are doing, v. smirked, they try to combine bible stories, with history. They can't decide what their stand is on the Earth's age! And they are not sure what to think about homosexuality...
- That's kind of cute, I smiled.
- Yeah.... v. Said, As cute as a bunny holding a gun!



I told a friend of mine
That when I die I want
my organs donated to those in
need
and my body given to science
or medicine studies.
For the world needs
doctors!

- That's a bad idea,
she said, we treat
the bodies with
great disrespect!

- I don't care! I said, for I'll be
dead. They can play basketball
with my head for all I care!



My mother and me were taking a sauna
and were washing up

Mother suddenly looked down at my thighs
She raised her eyebrows and asked, while
pointing at my thighs:

- Oh, I see you and v. have done some pretty
rough things?

I looked down and saw that the inner parts of my
legs were covered in bruises

I had probably gotten them from falling and hitting
the water and wooden skis too hard when attempting
to water ski.

I told my mother this in rushed explanation

- Next time, don't try to water ski! It's not your
thing and you're too clumsy.

I nodded and looked at my bruises.

- They do look very bad, I admitted.

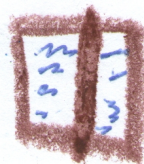
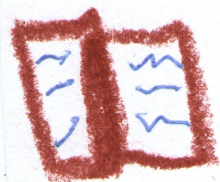
- It looks like you've been raped, mother said, and I'm not
joking. Rape victims often have such large bruises in their
thighs.


I had nothing to say then. Just smiled and hoped the bruises would
quickly fade.





- Why are you a Goth? My religion teacher asked.
 - Because I like the style, the culture, the music.
 - Is that so? My religion teacher smirked. - You know that the Gothic culture has a lot of religious themes in it?
 - Yes, I said, and I'm glad you say that! Most people seem to just draw the assumption that we're Devil worshippers...
 - And aren't you? My teacher joked.
 - No, I chuckled, I'm something completely different. I'll tell you about it later when this "Religion A" course is done.
 - I know exactly what you are, L! My religion teacher snapped. I was a little shocked; surely it wasn't illegal to be a non believer? How he talked on it sounded so:
 - I know what you are. And you think you're not religious. You are, L, You are! You'll come to realize that in time. Atheism is a religion too!
- I laughed and threw my head back. There was no winning in this debate...



The page features two large, abstract areas of crayon strokes. On the left, there are several diagonal strokes in shades of blue and purple. On the right, there are similar diagonal strokes in shades of orange and red. The text is positioned in the center of the page, between these two colored areas.

I wash and scrub, use cosmetics, but
to no use.


My face remained the same up until
21: one resembling a dalmatian,
with all the red dots.

Class counselling took place once a week.
It was ruled and controlled entirely by classmates.
One week A.Z. was the secretary. Y. the spokesperson,
guiding the class through all the different steps.
When we got to "Equality between the sexes", he grunted
in frustration and said hastily let's skip it. Followed by:

- Fine. Does any girl in here feel oppressed by any guy?
 - Well Y., a crazy-haired boy suddenly said smiling happily, - I do tend to oppress L.
- the boy pointed at me. Y. then blurts out:
- Yes, but we all do!



Acknowledgements and
dedications:

Thank you Shujie Zhang,
for spell checking and other practical
help. This book wouldn't exist without
you!  This book is for you.

And thank you Dad, Steven Dixon, for
taking me to Spain where I started
this book.

These vignettes tell small, comical and non-comical, incidents of life. Whether discussing kitchen items that became art or the loose-loose situation of harassment, to failing to explain atheism to your teacher, these stories will delight, with art that by no means professional, is still sincere.